

Advertising is to business what steam is to machinery—the grand motive power.

THE ATHENA PRESS.

There is but one way of obtaining business—publicity; but one way of obtaining publicity—advertising.

VOLUME 7.

ATHENA, UMATILLA COUNTY, OREGON, NOVEMBER 17 1893.

NUMBER 1

BILIOUSNESS

Who has not suffered this misery—caused by bile in the stomach which an inactive or sluggish liver failed to carry off.

THE PREVENTION AND CURE IS



liquid or powder, which gives quick action to the liver and carries off the bile by a mild movement of the bowels. It is no purgative or gripping medicine, but purely vegetable. Many people take pills—more take Simmons' Liver Regulator.

"I have been a victim of Biliousness for years, and after trying various remedies my only success was in the use of Simmons' Liver Regulator, which never failed to relieve me. I speak not of myself alone, but of my whole family."—J. M. FILLMAN, Helms, Ala.

EVERY PACKAGE HAS OUR Z Stamp in red on wrapper. J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE MAIL.

Mail closes for Pendleton, Portland, and all points east, except the Dakotas, Minnesota and Wisconsin, at 5:30 p. m. For Walla Walla, Spokane and North Pacific points at 7:30 p. m. Mail arrives from Pendleton, Portland and the east at 7:45 a. m. From Walla Walla, Spokane and North Pacific points at 8:30 a. m. Office hours—General delivery open from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m. Sundays, 9 to 11 a. m. Money order window open from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. GEO. HANSELL, Postmaster.

LODGE DIRECTORY

A. F. & A. M. NO. 80 MEETS THE First and Third Saturday Evenings of each month. Visiting brethren cordially invited to visit the lodge.

I. O. O. F. NO. 73, MEETS EVERY Friday night. Visiting Odd Fellows in good standing always welcome.

A. O. U. W. NO. 104, MEETS THE Second and Fourth Saturdays of month. L. A. GIBBS, Recorder.

PYTHIAN, NO. 29, MEETS EVERY Thursday Night.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

P. S. SHARP.

Physician and Surgeon. Calls promptly answered. Office on Third Street, Athena, Oregon.

DR. JOSEPH J. BILL.

Graduate M. E. C. V. S. London, England. VETERINARY SURGEON. Office at Froome's Stable, Athena, Oregon.

D. I. N. RICHARDSON.

OPERATIVE PROSTHETIC DENTIST. ATHENA, OREGON.

W. & C. R. Ry. Co.

in connection with NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R.

QUICKEST AND BEST ROUTE

Between Eastern Oregon and Astoria and Puget Sound Points, as well as the Popular and Direct Line to all

Points East & Southeast

Pullman Sleeping Cars. Superb Dining Cars. Free 2d-Class Sleepers.

ROUGH TO CHICAGO VIA THIS LINE

Passenger trains of this Company are running regularly between

Dayton, Wabburg, Walla Walla, Wash, and Pendleton, Oregon.

Making close connections at Hunt's Junction with Northern Pacific trains for Tacoma, Seattle, Victoria, B. C., Ellensburg, North Yakima, Pasco, Sprague, Cheney, Davenport, Spokane, Butte, Helena, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

AND ALL POINTS EAST.

TOURISTS-SLEEPING-CARS.

For Accommodation of Second-Class Passenger Attached to Express Trains.

W. F. WAMBLEY, Gen'l Fr't and Pass. Agt., Walla Walla Wash. W. D. TYLFR, Pres. and Gen'l Manager.

J. A. MURHEAD, Agent Athena, Oregon.

SOMETHING NEW!

Prof. Lane, the artist, has leased rooms over the First National Bank which he has converted into a

STUDIO

and is now prepared to instruct a large number of students in painting and free hand drawing.

He is also prepared to meet in Portland which would be his note

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

How Mrs. Vranklin Secured Her New Clothes.

When Saturday was over and Mr. and Mrs. Vranklin were alone by themselves in the clean kitchen sitting beside the stove, Mrs. Vranklin rose, went into her bedroom and brought out a bundle of clothes.

"I want you to look at these things, Jeremiah," she said, mildly. "What are they?" "They are my new clothes," she said. "That is my best dress," she said. "Those are my best shoes. That is the only bonnet I've got in the world but my calico sun-bonnet, and that is my Sunday shawl."

She uttered the words quietly, and waited.

"Well?" said Mr. Vranklin, still smiling. "Well?" she answered.

"He said nothing. She gathered up the garments with a look of disdain, and piled them on a chair.

"You're a rich man," she said. "Rich, for a farmer. You are sixty and fifty years old. Our boys are married. I haven't had any money to spend for five years. I'm a sight to behold. If I were a servant I should get wages and not have to beg. No, I don't beg, Jeremiah. Since you don't offer it yourself, I'm going to tell you that I want money. I want a hundred dollars to buy me some new clothes to feel decent and comfortable in. I'm really desolate. Why, I'm out of Hannah! My calico gowns are patched at the elbow. My shoe heels are twisted. I can't go to church any more, for I've turned my black silk twice, and the back breaths upside down. I've washed my bonnet ribbons. I've done all I could rather than ask for what you didn't offer, and there's no need. You're well-to-do. I want to be decent and take a little comfort while I can. I must. There, now! It's my right!"

She had spoken her mind, and Mr. Vranklin felt that a climax had arrived. He had said "I'll give you a hundred dollars" and had no need to pinch, but the awful demand for a hundred dollars all in a lump was too much for him. He had become used to Eva Maria's quiet way of mending her old clothes and asking for no money, and it had never occurred to him that she would some time come down upon him like this.

He stared silently, and puffed across the stove the smoke of the cheap tobacco he burnt in a common corn-cob pipe. The old rag carpet was clean. The old chairs were mended with carpet bottoms. It was all tidy, but nothing was new. Nothing pretty but the scarlet curtains at the big north of the window-sill. He had given his wife very little in their thirty years of married life; for all the furniture was his mother's. She had helped him make his fortune, selling butter and eggs and pot-cheese and flower roots, feeding the school children and the big pots on the window-sill. He had given his wife very little in their thirty years of married life; for all the furniture was his mother's. She had helped him make his fortune, selling butter and eggs and pot-cheese and flower roots, feeding the school children and the big pots on the window-sill. He had given his wife very little in their thirty years of married life; for all the furniture was his mother's. She had helped him make his fortune, selling butter and eggs and pot-cheese and flower roots, feeding the school children and the big pots on the window-sill.

"I'll give you a hundred dollars," he said to himself, but he did not say it. The ghost of that hundred dollars stared at him from the embers. He could not talk; he could not compose himself. Cousin Brown opened his eyes and said, "The minister remarked that 'in the midst of life we are in death,' and seemed to prophesy his funeral. It was not a gay dinner, but then it was Sunday."

That night Mrs. Vranklin missed her spouse from his bed. She went to look for him, and found him poking in the ashes of the dead fire with his tongue. He looked up with a very red face.

"I don't think these here coals kin be good," he said, confusedly. "Did you get up in the night to look at them?" she asked.

He made no answer and returned to bed. Next morning his wife again attacked him.

"Have you thought that matter over?" she asked.

Indeed he had, and it had occurred to him that Providence had prepared a special judgment for him in destroying his money. He felt that his wife had spoken the truth. She who had served him so well for so many years.

"I've thought it over, Eva Maria," he said, and arose and went to his desk, a queer, old-fashioned one built in the house wall. When he returned, he brought with him a blank check.

"Get what you like, my dear," he said, "and get it nice. Fill the check up just as you please."

He had not called her "my dear" for years. She smiled at him very gently, tears were near his eyes.

However, she used the check to dress herself comfortably. It was the first time for many years that she had indulged in the luxury of shopping freely.

At night he met her at the depot, loaded with parcels, tired but smiling. He had not seen her so bright for many a day.

After tea that night they sat together beside the stove as before, and she looked at him in a peculiar way.

"You didn't seem to feel cheerful Sunday afternoon, Jeremiah," she remarked. "What ailed you?"

"I don't want to tell you," he answered.

"But I'll tell you," she said. "You thought I burned the pocketbook you hid in the grate. I didn't."

She put her hand into her work-basket and drew it out intact, with the money in it.

"I was just in time," she said. "But I understood at once when I saw it sticking between the bricks. If you hadn't given me the check, I should have spent the money. There's a confession for you, Jeremiah!"

He looked at her, half angry, half astonished. She arose and came to him, and put her hands on his shoulders.

"But I should never have enjoyed wearing them," she said. "I should have hated them, I think. These that I bought to-day, with your free gift, I shall love while there's a rag of them left."

The man looked at her with a feeling that a strange revelation of feminine humanness had been made to him, but all he said was:

"Why, 'Eva Maria, I want to know' and he drew her down upon his knee and kissed her.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Customer (in book store)—"I would like to get some good book on faith."

Clerk—"Sorry, sir, but our rules to sell nothing to strangers except for cash."

—When Queen Elizabeth, of Austria, entered Paris in 1751 she dragged after her a train seventy feet in length. It was borne by thirty-five pages.

GREATEST OF LIGHTS.

The Mighty Searcher Now in Use at Chicago.

The Reflected Beam Co., by the Mammoth Lenses Equal to Millions Upon Millions of Candles.

To America belongs the honor of constructing the largest and most powerful electric search light in the world, now being set up at the world's fair.

It stands about ten feet six inches high to the upper side of the ventilator on the top of the drum, and the total weight is about 6,000 pounds, but so perfectly is it mounted and balanced that a child can move it in any direction.

The reflecting lens mirror used in this projector is 150 centimeters, or 60 inches in diameter. It is a concave spherical mirror of the Mangin type, free from spherical aberration, reflecting a sensibly parallel beam of light. It was manufactured especially for this projector in Paris, France, and is a most perfect specimen of optical work.

The drum on which the lens is mounted at the edges and one-sixteenth of an inch thick at the center, and weighs about 800 pounds.

The metal ring in which it is mounted weighs about 750 pounds, and the total lens, ring and cover weigh about 1,600 pounds. This great mirror is mounted at one end of the big drum, one outer end of which is furnished with a door consisting of a metal ring in which are fixed a number of plate-glass strips five-sixteenths of an inch thick by six inches wide. Inside this drum and sliding upon ways arranged on the bottom is placed the electric lamp, the source of the light which is reflected by the mirror.

It is entirely automatic in its action, is six feet high and weighs about 400 pounds. The carbons used are also made especially for it. The upper or positive carbon is one and one-half inches in diameter and twenty-two and one-half inches long, with a five-sixteenth of an inch core of soft carbon running from one end through its center. The lower or negative carbon is one and one-fourth inches in diameter, is fifteen inches long and also has a core of soft carbon running through its center. In addition its outer surface is heavily coated with copper.

The positive carbon is set a little in front of the negative, and thus almost all the intense light of the incandescent crater is cast upon the reflector.

The maximum current at which this lamp operates is 300 amperes, and at this current the lamp has a luminous intensity of about 90,000 to 100,000 candles, the reflected beam a total luminous intensity of about 100,000 candles, an intensity which the eye cannot appreciate. In looking at the side of the beam the spectator only distinguishes a stream of light of comparatively low intensity, but in looking at the beam directly its brilliancy is fully seen and the effect is absolutely blinding. Ventilators at the top and sides allow a constant current of air to pass through the drums and dissipate the heat generated by the arc lamp, and they are so arranged that no light can escape through them.

All the connections for adjusting the positions of the carbons and the lamp are brought through the drum to the outside, and are arranged in close proximity to one another at one side, so that all may be manipulated by the operator without moving from his position. Through openings in the drum covered by densely colored glass the operation of the lamp may be watched and its adjustments verified.

It was observed that the space within the drum was violently agitated, and closer observation revealed the fact that millions of moths and minute insects were hovering in it, attracted by the brilliancy of the light. Next morning bushels of dead moths, beetles, other insects and some small birds were swept up from the roof on which the projector stood, and thus almost all killed by the intensity of the light.

How far the powerful beam of light of this instrument can be seen is difficult to state. The search light set up on Mount Washington, in the White Mountains, has a diameter of only thirty inches, and a reflected light from the motor of about 100,000 candle power, yet the newspaper can be read in its beam ten miles away, and the light can be seen from points 100 miles away. How much farther then could this 375,000,000 candle power light be seen in a clear atmosphere, free from moisture, if the projector could be mounted upon an eminence sufficiently high to clear all obstacles.

Tailors' Dummies. Wax figures are slowly disappearing as advertising agencies. The cheap tailors use figures of wire with heads of plaster and paper mache, and the cheap dentists have taken in some of their horrible heads with staring eyes and teeth that were gnashed by machinery. The effect of summer sun on a few of the wax figures, that are still used in shop windows is ghastly.

There is one figure of a woman whose arm is drooping into a half-circle, and there is a tailor's dummy whose forehead is falling into his eyes, giving him a very malignant expression. In a certain farce comedy a loud laugh is raised at an incident in a tailor's shop. A comedian undertakes to sing "White Wings," when one of the dummies that has been standing stilly against the wall, makes forward with clasped hands, a creature of agonized contortions, and walks off like an automaton. The singer stops.

A Gipsy Princess. The princess of Wales is very kind to her poor subjects at Sandringham. A writer in the Idler says that often she may be seen picking up the dusty little dots of children from the roads, placing them in her own carriage until it is completely packed, and then duly delivering each at its own home to boast of having enjoyed a ride with her.

FAST YOUNG INDIA.

He Loves English Society Because of the Leaves and Fishes.

The Hindoo of Calcutta does not represent an ancient tradition, for he is but a thing of yesterday, called into being by the foreigner, and he represents an altogether novel phase of thought, which is gradually making itself felt, and is the chief characteristic of what has been dubbed Young India. Young India is the more or less Europeanized Hindoo, says Harper's Weekly. The supple mind of the Bengalee could not long remain impervious to the influence of daily contact with the European cast of thought, and all Hindoos are more or less affected by that contact. A European education, the study of the classics and of contemporary literature, of ancient and modern history and of the natural sciences, could not fail to have results on the every stratum of society, and culture has filtered down from the university to every class, awaking aspirations and ambitions previously unknown.

A new society has sprung up, of what may be termed Anglicized Indians, which society, alas! is not always recruited from the elite of the native population; the higher castes, who cling to their traditions and retain their pride of race, are generally faithful to the culture of the past. The masses who make up Young India are not attached to European civilization by any sense of its superiority or by intellectual curiosity, but in search of remunerative appointments. To get one of the inferior situations under the government which are open to native baboos it is necessary to be able to speak and write English, and everyone anxious to secure thirty rupees a month in some office rushes to the universities and public schools.

Three hundred candidates for a place worth some three pounds ten a month and what becomes of the two hundred and ninety-nine who fail and can no longer live the simple native life of their forefathers? They must die of hunger or swell the ranks of politicians, and they choose the latter alternative. Proud of the superficial knowledge they have acquired and primed with European catchwords, the meaning of which have long since faded away, they form a huge unclassified mass uncommonly like the lower middle classes of Europe—as noisy, as unreasonable, as narrow-minded, and in some rare instances, as disinterested as the class with whom we are familiar, with the difference that the formulas they are so proud of are borrowed from the traditions of an exotic civilization, and that for them there is a wider gulf than ever between the letter and the spirit. What they aim at, in truth, neither national independence nor local autonomy, but the English protectorate, is simply access to the higher administrative functions and political domination over other castes, with the English army at their backs.

NEWSPAPERS APPRECIATED.

A New Hampshire Man Who Believes in the Periodical for the Library.

There is a man in New Hampshire named William C. Todd, who holds that the theory that he is benefiting his fellow creatures when he puts abundant supplies of newspapers without their reach. He lately provided for an expenditure of two thousand dollars year for newspapers for the Boston public library, says Harper's Weekly, and it has since been discovered that he recently made a similar provision for the public library of Newburyport. He believes in the value of newspapers, and yet it seems that he is not a patent-medicine man as one might suppose, but a retired schoolmaster, who has been a great traveler, and now pursues a life of studious retirement in a village. In extenuation of his action he declares that the press has become the great agency by which information is diffused and the people are educated, and that free reading-rooms are likely to be more in demand in the future than free libraries. It is interesting to notice that he seems not to have suffered from the newspaper publicity about which there is so much complaint, and that even his neighbors in Atkinson, where he lives, were found to possess scarcely any reliable information about his past career or the size of his fortune. They knew him to be frugal in his personal habits and generous in his benefactions, but that was all.

The Chinese Tea Trade.

Alarmed by the rapid extension of the use of tea in the West, the Chinese are agitating the matter against the tea trade.

A Reformatory Example.

There is a story of a benevolent gentleman who visited a certain reformatory institution near Boston, and while going over the place engaged one and another of the inmates in conversation. The good man was quite unkindly of the fact, known to all who have seen much of that phase of life, that people in such places do not enjoy being questioned as to their personal history. At last he came to a very demure-looking youngster, and his heart went out toward the unfortunate wail.

"Well, my little man," he said, "and what are you in here for?"

"Please, sir," said the little fellow, instantly, "I'm here to let the other boys a good example."

GUITEAU'S BONES.

The Real Burial Place of President Garfield's Assassin.

Not in a Medical Museum But Beneath the Floor of the Prison in Which the Murderer Was Confined.

Deputy Warden Russ of the district jail made a statement that the skeleton of Guiteau, the assassin of President Garfield, is not on exhibition at the medical museum, as has been generally supposed.

It will be remembered that for a long time prior to the execution strenuous efforts were made to ascertain where Guiteau was to be buried. Persons acting in the interest of resurrectionists, both those who wanted the body for dissection and several enterprising proprietors who much desired to secure it for exhibition purposes, industriously questioned every one whom they thought possessed the slightest knowledge. Great precautions were taken to prevent the grave from being robbed. The following mode of procedure was agreed upon to prevent the body from being stolen. In order to obviate whatever legal difficulties might arise and to forestall any claim the sister or brother of the murderer might make, it was decided that he should make a will bequeathing his body to Dr. Hicks, and it will probably be remembered that the will when published created some curiosity by its wording, giving as it did the body to be disposed of as the beneficiary saw fit.

"After going over the whole matter," said Warden Russ, "and realizing that it would be impossible to properly protect the corpse, it was decided to bury it in the jail the night of the hanging. After the autopsy the body remained in a cheap coffin in the chapel of the jail. Upon my arrival at the jail early on Saturday morning following the execution, I secured a couple of trustees and taking them with me proceeded to the laundry-room. It is a little room just to the east of the engine-room, dimly lighted by a small barred grating, and it made almost an ideal tomb.

"Two amateur grave diggers went to work, and quickly removing the flooring, dug a grave sufficiently deep by the time the body was brought down from the chapel.

"There was only a small party that stood about that open grave and listened to the solemn reading of the burial service. Gen. Crocker, who was the warden, was present, and I believe Charles Reed, the lawyer who assisted in Guiteau's defense, besides several guards and the two prisoners who dug the grave. It was a weird scene, and one I shall never forget. The burial in such a somber place was particularly nerve-racking, and I think we all felt relieved when Dr. Hicks concluded and the darkness began to cover up the coffin. This did not consume much time, and it was not long before the grave was filled up and the flooring restored to its normal position.

"There was no particular compact as to secrecy among us, but it seemed to be generally understood that we would maintain silence, especially as there was considerable excitement at the time. The story that the body had been secretly removed to the medical museum was permitted to go uncontradicted, just as I state, because we did not believe it concerned anyone.

"What became of the brains and other organs of the assassin which were removed at the autopsy held immediately after the execution, I do not know, except the spleen, which is on exhibition at the museum. Whatever else was left of the man who murdered President Garfield lies beneath the floor of the laundry-room of the jail."

BETTER THAN A CLUB.

New York Policemen Have Adopted a Novel Plan for Arousing Drunks.

Ever since the New York police commission issued the edict against members of the "finest" carrying their locusts during the day the patrolmen

Journalism in Siam.

Siamese journalism deserves a gold medal, says the Journalist. In July a French fleet practically invested the capital, Bangkok, and a military force took possession of a valuable island, defeating the Siamese garrison with heavy loss. Ten days afterward the leading Bangkok newspaper announced:

"We are informed that several French warships have been seen in the neighborhood, and that on account of the unhealthfulness of Blanketty Island it is feared that none of the troops stationed there will ever return with their lives."

Such a country ought to be gobbed by the first European power that comes along.

Mourning Etiquette in England.

In England the period of mourning for a father-in-law is twelve months, black, two months, half mourning. Crap is seldom worn, although the craps period was formerly six months. For a parent the period is the same as above. The longest period for a brother is six months, five months black, one month half mourning. The craps period was formerly three months. It is now almost discarded. The shortest period is four months black, no half mourning. The period of mourning for a father-in-law is often shortened to six months when relatives reside at a considerable distance from each other.

A Live Toad in a Ballstone.

A hailstorm visited Pawtucket, R. I., the other evening, such as has not visited this vicinity for years, if within the memory of man. One woman picked up a large hailstone and allowed it to melt in her hand. She thought something was inside the little piece of frozen rain, but was surprised to find when all had melted a little live toad or frog in her hand. There is a quite general belief that a great many pebbles came down with the hail.

JOHN CUMMING,

WESTON, OREGON,

HAS THE LARGEST

AND BEST SELECTED STOCK

GENERAL MERCHANDISE IN THE COUNTY.

New Goods for All Trade, arriving daily.

And they will be sold at the very lowest figures.

FOLLOWING ARE SAMPLE PRICES:

10 PER CENT. DISCOUNT FOR CASH PURCHASES!

Dry Granulated Sugar, 12 pounds for \$1.00 or \$7.50 per sack. Extra C Sugar, 13 " " " 7.00 per sack.

10 PER CENT. DISCOUNT, FOR CASH.

Choice Oregon Cured Bacon, Shoulders, 12 1/2c, Sides, 16c, Hams, 18c per lb. Best Quality Lard, in 10 lb cans, \$1.75.

10 PER CENT. DISCOUNT, FOR CASH.

Comforts, \$1.25 each and upward. Blankets, \$1.50 per pair and upward. Men's wool socks, 50c per pair. Ladies wool hose, 35c per pair, men's wool undershirts and drawers, \$1.00 each.

10 PER CENT. DISCOUNT, FOR CASH.

AND EVERYTHING ELSE AT PROPORTIONATELY LOW PRICES. COME, SEE FOR YOURSELVES.

JOHN CUMMING, Weston, Oregon.